

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 100 words.
4. Original articles or letters will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.
7. Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforward, honest, and be somebody else but you!

POETRY.

Old Don is Dead.

Old Don, our dear old dog, is dead and gone,
And I am lonesome, for I miss him
He was my playmate, and my constant chum,
And went with me wherever I would go.
He was the kindest dog I ever knew,
And he was always honest and true.
Devoted of all the meanness of his kind,
And always did the thing he knew was right.
He used to run and find my ball for me,
When I was playing, and would get it lost;
And he would "fetch," and carry things around,
And surely loved the labor that it cost.
I have no recollection of a time
When Don was not forever at my side,
The sharer of my childish griefs and joys,
And I his constant pleasure, and his pride.
His big brown eyes were ever full of love,
When he would lay his head upon my knee;
And I am not to blame for being sad,
Because indeed old Don was dear to me.
And if there ever was a holy love,
Devoted, pure, beneath the arching skies,
A love that held all kinds of sacrifice,
It shone for me, in dear old Don's brown eyes.

All while the weary years of life ahead,
All lonely, and beset with tears and gloom,
Stretch out in dreary prospect, still I know
That I shall meet old Don beyond the tomb.
The grief I feel is not so poignant then,
Because I know that when I reach the goal,
Where spirits dwell, that he will meet me there,
For dogs like good old Don all have a soul.

Therefore, I have a sweet, sustaining hope,
To dry my tears, and bid my heart be glad;
While spirits whisper: "Don has gone to sleep,
But he will wake again, so be not sad.
And you shall see his soft brown eyes glow,
With all the light of duty, faith and love;
Does have a soul, and those who have been good
Shall join, and know their masters up above."
—By Jake H. Harrison.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

There is nothing that makes more trouble for children than disobedience or that annoys parents more.
A child who doesn't mind cannot be trusted to do the little things which are so helpful to their parents.
If mother asks Mary to tend the baby and she knows she will and be faithful, or if father asks Frank to do an errand of any kind and can be trusted, and Frank is in the habit of doing so, there is no doubt either will go as bid and there are no cross words or punishments.

It is better to be willing than to be whipped either at home or at school.

THE CURIOSITY OF BRIGHT EYES

(Written for The Bulletin.)

Bright Eyes was a little girl who had been given this nickname because she was always wide awake when it was proper for little girls to be asleep. It was in the spring that Bright Eyes was making a garden.

Mamma not only knew how to make a garden, but she knew how to wait for seeds to take root in the ground and grow to become plants with flowers. She was busy making a soft carpet for the garden when Bright Eyes inquired:

"What to do?"
Mamma explained to her she was making a nice bed for posies to grow in.

"To sleep in!" corrected Bright Eyes, for she knew little girls slept in soft beds, but she had not yet learned that posies do not sleep in beds.

"For posies to grow in," said mamma, "for posies grow in beds in warm weather all the time, and sleep and rest when it is too cold for them to grow."

"I like posies—I see 'em grow," said Bright Eyes.
"So this wide-awake little girl used to run to the bed where the seeds were planted, and sit there every day, and when she got tired of looking at the seeds, she would go to bed and sleep."

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even go into the forest and bring home the game, the men did not shoot. When they moved the women carried the furniture. The Indians were very friendly with the first white men and would have a great feast in his honor.

The Indians of South America were more civilized than those of North America. They had a great knowledge of the land and built good houses.

The Indians were scattered and did not build good houses. Each tribe had a head or chief, who had very little power. All matters were settled by a council. The Indians would fight mostly in the night time, but when they fought in the day, they would attack from behind the trees.

In training for warriors the Indians did not have academics and places to drill men as we have now.

The Indians would notice a very little thing when in the woods that the white men would not. The Indians believed in the great spirit and also in many inferior spirits—some good and some evil.

Most of the Indians of North America have become civilized, while those of South America have become savages and have kept their Indian customs.

There are parts of the United States set apart for the Indians to live on. Many of the Indians on the Pacific Coast, in Mexico and in Canada still have the Indian way of doing things.

HELEN MAINE.

Willamette.

The Camel.

The camel is an animal which is chiefly found in Africa, and in the southern part of Asia. It has one or two humps on its back. The camel is used as a beast of burden and for riding.

The dromedary is of a brown color, with one hump on its back and the Arabian camel is of a brown color, with two humps on its back.

The camel is adapted to the desert life by having cushioned feet, that do not sink into the sand, and a nose that can be closed to keep out the sand and dust, eyes protected by long eyelashes, and a stomach containing several pouches, in which it can store up supplies of water, which enables it to go a long time without drinking.

The camel is a large animal, and is of much use to the Arabs.

ALVIN LACHAPPELLE, Age 12, South Canterbury.

A Soldier's Daughter.

One day my mother sent me on an errand, and as I was coming home I met a little girl that stood crying on the corner of the street.

I stopped and asked her why she was crying, and she said that her mother was dead and her father was to war and had left her to board with friends; and they were very unkind to her, so I told her to come home with me. I thought my mother would like a little girl.

She came home with me, and my mother was very glad that I brought her home, and she liked her very much; and wanted mother to keep her for her own, so the little girl wrote to her father and told him the good news. He was delighted, and he said he would send money for her board.

But mother said she would tell him to save it, as he might need it when the war was over, so he saved it and when he came home he gave present of twenty-five dollars and mother kept her until she grew up to be a big girl.

Then her father was killed in the war, and the little girl had grown up to womanhood and got married, so her mother had to part with her, but she loves her yet.

ALVIN LACHAPPELLE, Age 12, South Canterbury.

The Pilgrims.

Thirteen years after the first settlement at Jamestown a colony was planted in New England.

Mayflower was born in 1584. He became a soldier, went to fight in the low country—what we now call Holland.

The government of Holland let the people be religious in their own way, as our country does not.

A little band of people in the north of England had set up a church of their own. For this they were persecuted.

In order to get away from their troubles they sold their houses and goods, and went over to Holland.

About a hundred of them bade the rest good-bye and sailed for America in the Mayflower in 1620.

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Madeira Islands and a learned geographer.

Twelve years he spent as a beggar at indifferent courts.

His wife died, his property was exhausted and he had been made the butt of capricious fortune, but he was not dismayed.

At fifty-five years of age we find him leading his motherless son, Diego through the lovely landscape of Andalusia begging bread and shelter of the monks.

He was the greatest mariner the world had seen or was to see.

RUTH TEW, age 15, Colchester.

Sailing Boats.

This morning we sailed boats in the brook. It was more pleasure because the boats were original.

To make them we took a large cucumber and cut a slice off the top lengthwise and dug the seeds out with a knife.

GRACE GODDARD, age 13, Pleasant Valley, Willamette.

The Fox.

The fox is an animal somewhat like a dog. His only valuable part is his fur.

A fox thinks he is smart. It is much dreaded by hens and their chickens, also by all men and woman who keep fowls.

A fox spends his day time in his hole and at night he has caught the night before and plans where he will go the next night.

He selects shifless farmers who leave their fowls to roost in trees and on fences.

The fox knows these things as well as a person does a plan, according to this. This is why he is a saying, "as cunning as a fox" or "as keen as a fox."

I do not think it is a compliment to a man or boy, when people say, "He's as keen as a fox." If it is a man that man will cheat and get himself into trouble. If it is a boy he will make some trade with you and get your knife or something else.

I don't think I ever heard of a girl being "as keen as a fox."

I read a story of a fox. It showed that a fox likes other folks. A man had a tame fox, but he ran away, and that fox afterwards was chased by hunters. The fox was very smart, for he lost he turned and ran for the man's house and the man protected him.

It shows a fox has memory and can plan.

BLANCHE LUCHER, Taftville.

The Wounded Rat.

A poor man saw by the roadside a large white rat. It seemed to be dead, moving its head and legs a little, but had a broken leg. He took it up and carried it to his lonely home. He brought the wounded rat to his poor creature and soon it was quite well.

Sam Tills trained the rat to gentle ways and taught many tricks. Maimo was the only company Sam had. He worked in a cotton-mill and took Maimo with him. He rode in his master's coat-pocket. It looked droil to see his white head peeping out.

Sundays both went to dine with Sam's sister. Maimo's funny ways made every one laugh.

When Sam said, "Maimo go sit in my hat," he went at once, curled himself up in it, and gave himself up for lost he turned and ran for the man's house and the man protected him.

It shows a fox has memory and can plan.

BLANCHE LUCHER, Taftville.

The American Flag.

The American flag has been our national emblem for one hundred and thirty-seven years. It was first adopted in 1777, by Congress, and first hoisted on land by John Paul Jones.

It has thirteen stripes, seven red and six white. The stars represent the number of states in the Union, and the stripes the original thirteen.

The stars were arranged in a short row, and began with a short row of a soldier's white shirt, and an old blue army coat, and a red flannel petticoat.

It is still loved by Americans everywhere; and recognized all over the world as the emblem of liberty and peace.

BERTHA W. BURRILL, age 14, Stafford Springs.

Newgate Prison.

Early one morning we left to go and see the old Newgate prison in Granby. We took our lunch and by the time we reached the prison we were very hungry. So we stopped at a cafe at right beside the old prison.

Later a guide took us down under the prison where there was an old copper mine. This was where the convicts used to work. Down there we saw where the convicts were in solitary confinement for twenty years.

His bed was a flat stone with a bundle of straw on it. The shackles around his ankles held him to the wall. There fastened to the rocks. There was a round hole in back of him in the wall where he carved up his food.

Later he worked the shackles up almost to his knees and couldn't get them down again. The others were so tight the flesh around them began to decay. Finally his limbs became so decayed he had to have them cut off. Then they let him have his freedom.

You can see now where, with a little piece of stone he carved up his food on the flat stone, that was his bed.

We went over the rest of the mine and saw many other interesting things. We came up to the house that is there now and brought many pictures of the prison, and then left for home after a pleasant day.

ELLA ROCKWOOD, age 10, North Franklin.

Willie Gray.

Last evening Willie Gray, who lived in the upper part of New York, took a terrible, Spot, and went down to the river. He was very young and watch the boys swim in the river. There were at least a thousand people on the nearby pier, in the water

swimming, and on the Harlem bridge just opened.

Willie and his chums threw sticks into the water and Spot brought them back and he was running with fatigue. Finally seeing how tired Spot was, Willie chained him so that he could not jump any more and forbade anyone near throwing sticks to tempt him.

When Willie had his head turned suddenly threw a stick right by Spot's nose into water, and the dog leaped in after it, dragging his chain with him. Willie saw the dog jump, loaded with the chain, he hurriedly removed his coat and went into save him. Spot had reached the stick in the water, and he was pulling him down when Willie got to him, grabbed him about the neck, and tried to swim back with him.

The crowd cheered, but at first nobody would go near the dog and his struggling master. Then James Grady, an engineer on a tug boat saw the boy and jumped in to help.

ANNA LAROCHE, age 11, Versailles.

Uses of the Bitter Orange.

The large, sweet oranges of Florida or California, and the smaller fruit from Spain and Sicily, are so plentiful and so cheap in the United States that while the majority of people use the small, deeply tinted, bitter variety, that fruit reaches us only in marmalade. The quince (anciently called marmelos) is the original source of marmalade, but the manufacture of that confection now comes from India and China, its native land, and is a favorite agent in the old Hindu form, maranj.

Most of the Spanish and Sicilian crop goes to London to be made into marmalade, since no one in the north of Europe seems to understand the simple art of composing this jam. There is also a variety of quince in the kind, known as essence de bigarade, to distinguish it from that of the sweet orange, essence de Portugal.

The distillers extract it by pressing the rind forcibly against a flat sponge, which absorbs the contents of the crushed oil cells. They wring out the sponge under water and skim off the floating oil. This oil, after purification, is used as a flavoring agent in curacao and orange bitters; it is one of the ingredients of eau de Cologne and other perfumes; and a drop of it on sugar in a tumbler of hot water makes the popular eau sucree of Parisians.

The fruit buds of the bitter orange also give an essential oil known as essence de petit grain; and from the white flowers is extracted a delightful perfume called essence de Neroli. That is prepared chiefly at Nice, Cannes and Grasse, in the south of France. All the flowers of a fine tree will yield only a single ounce of Neroli oil.

The peel also yields an aromatic principle that the ancient Arab physicians esteemed highly as a tonic; it is still considered a valuable remedy.

JESSIE L. BREHAUT, Jersey City, N. J.

Don't Be a "Slacker."

In England the men who have stayed out of the army and let their friends and neighbors do the fighting are called "slackers." They have shirked when called upon to perform their duty.

Boys and girls who evade disagreeable work, and shirk their share, are "slackers," too.

The boy who is always crawling out of every undesirable job that he is called upon to perform will prove a "slacker" when his country calls him in after years.

Like a pebble swallow a bitter pill, swallow it quickly and without complaint. You will find that easier than waiting until you are forced to gulp down the unwelcome dose.

A "slacker" is simply one species of a coward. He is always subject to an "old-time" cold, which is another name for the disease of cowardice. The boy who crawls out of little tasks will grow up to be the man who shirks large responsibilities.

The boy who is afraid to play left to right, who must have an opponent stronger than himself, is the boy who will prove a "slacker" at the call to arms.

Remember that every time you avoid work, no matter how unimportant that work may be, you are committing an act of petty cowardice. Petty cowardice, unless checked early, easily develops into grand cowardice.

LILLIAN M. BREHAUT, Jersey City, N. J.

Benny's Pie.

Benny was a little boy about four years of age. He was usually a good boy, but he was very cranky and he and Benny could not go out. This did not please him. He got cranky and would not amuse himself with anything.

At dinner time when his father came home he was just as cranky as ever.

When they all were seated near the table Benny's father and mother bowed their heads and began a short soliloquy, and began to pray.

Benny did not do this, and would not eat anything that was set before him. It is still loved by Americans everywhere; and recognized all over the world as the emblem of liberty and peace.

Benny began to cry.

When his father said, "Do you really want some pie?"

Yes, father, replied Benny. His father then told him to make a pie of Benny's potato and then added salt, pepper and butter. He then cut, smoothed it out, and cut it in fourths and handed it to Benny saying, "Here is your pie."

Thank you, father, said Benny, for he was very polite boy.

He ate one-fourth and then another and before he knew it he had eaten every bit of it, and then asked for more.

After this Benny did not want any other kind of pie.

On the Farm.

I am 12 years old and live on a farm in the town of Columbia. I lived in the city of Willamette until three years ago, and from three to five years of age, I have been living on the farm.

I go to the Old Hop River school. I am in the fifth grade. I have been studying very hard at my school since last half past three o'clock.

When I get home from school I feed the horses and the cows. I lead the horses to the brook to drink. They are black, brown and white, named Billy, Tom and Dick.

I help my mother wash the dishes and to set the table. After my work is done I play games.

I go to bed at nine o'clock in the evening I go to bed.

This is my first story in joining the Wide-Awake Circle.

IRENE MATHIEU, Age 12, Columbia.

Guilford—Miss Mary Crowell Welles of Newington, general secretary of the Consumers' league, is spending the summer at Sachem's Head.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED

How She Feeds the Birds.

Dear Uncle Jed—I thought I would write you a letter, and tell you how I feed the birds.

I hang pieces of bread and sometimes unclean bones, on the trees; and they dive at them over the ground, or when there is snow, I put it on some boards. I also throw out ashes for the birds like them.

The kinds of birds that stay around my house are the chickadees, martens, bluejays, English sparrows and song sparrows.

I like to watch them eat and hear them chirp.

I hope some of the Wide-Awakes will try to feed the birds, and see how many kinds they can get to stay around their house.

We should all be kind to our feathered friends, for they destroy many insects throughout the year.

Mansfield. MARY RYBEC.

Seeds.

Dear Uncle Jed—I wonder how many of the Wide Awakes have been saving the seeds from their gardens?

Every year I save seeds. I have quite a few now. These that I have are double poppy seeds. I haven't many of these because it rained so much during the summer that most of them rotted; but I have a lot of four-o'clock seeds. I have so many of these that I shall not find them hard to plant them next year.

There are plenty of marigold seeds, and I think I shall have some more, as there are lots of blossoms. These make a pretty bouquet on the table.

I haven't many sweet peas. I could make up a bouquet to start with, but I think the nasturtium seeds can make up for that.

Holly-hock seeds are more than plenty, but I do not think I shall save these as they come up every year.

It is too early for zinnias, but I think I shall save some of those, and also of spider-plant seeds. I like to gather seeds, and I am sure many of the Wide-Awakes would enjoy it.

MIRIAM SHERSHEVSKY, Age 8, Norwich.

My Summer Vacation.

Dear Uncle Jed—I was invited by friends to go to the seashore. The morning was very bright and clear. We started in the car about ten o'clock and reached there about two.

We hired a cottage for two weeks. There was a hotel, store, and post office. There was a large motor boat that went on different trips.

On one of these trips I saw a speed boat with a board attached to it; on this board stood a man, and the boat was going quite fast. It would have sharp curves, and the man nearly fell off.

Soon afterward I returned home having spent a happy vacation.

EMILY HOPKINS, Age 10, Plainfield.

Picnicked at Mohegan Park.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last year I went to the Sunday school picnic at Mohegan park. We saw many animals. We saw three monkeys and the monkeys would take peanuts out of your hand, and eat chocolate; and we saw the little deer and the deer loved the swings and see-sawed, and then we had races. I won the hobble race and carried a sewing basket.

When we arrived home we were tired but happy.

GRACE GIBER, Age 11, Norwich Town.

A Party on the Mountain.

Dear Uncle Jed:—Minnie, a girl of six, and her grandfather, moved to the kind of home that she loved at kind of living animals. It was in the fall when Minnie arrived at her new home.

One morning after the first snowfall a party of quilt settled in some bushes nearby.

Minnie called her grandfather and asked if she might throw some grain out for the quail.

Minnie scattered about a quart of grain on the crusted snow about four rods from the house.

Minnie watched for her friends to come and feast on it. In less than half an hour the ground was covered with all kinds of winter birds eating the grain.

This being repeated every morning until spring, the birds began to tame so that Minnie could go out where she fed them and watch them eat.

One morning she took a basket of grain and a small bag of food, the bag consisting of sandwiches, cake and a bottle of soda, and went out to the field. She watched her quail, and after her to a clear spot, Minnie having scattered the grain on the ground the birds flew down to her feet and devoured the grain. Minnie having eaten her own lunch by this time, the crumbs of which were in her lap were quickly devoured by the birds.

By the time she arrived home it was time for tea.

ELIZABETH M. VERVEER, Age 7, Mansfield Depot.

The Elephants in Franklin Park.

Dear Uncle Jed:—While walking in Franklin Park, Boston, I saw the elephants. There are three of them, Molly, Tony and Waddy. The animals were very tame. They were very friendly to the children; each child gave ten cents, and when they got enough money together they bought them. The elephants live in a very pretty house in the winter, and have a nice place outside in the summer. They perform twice a week and the performance is free to everybody.

I love to watch them, as they are playing. Molly is the smallest, and runs around his playmates and makes everybody laugh.

When the keeper goes near them, they watch him very closely, and they look to open their mouths as if they were hungry.